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*2<sup>d</sup>*  
no 34

THE  
G R A N D  
IMPOSTURE:  
OR THE  
M Y S T E R Y  
OF  
INIQUITY.

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A S A T T R.

*Ag<sup>t</sup> ye Papists & yeir doctriues./*

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*Tristius haud illis Monstrum, nec scior ulla  
Pestis —*

*Virg. Æneid. lib. 3.*

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THE  
GRAND  
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MYSTERY  
OF  
INIGUITY.

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THE  
Grand Imposture  
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MYSTERY  
OF  
INIQUITY.

ASCEND, *Aleto* from thy Den, and come  
Just as thou look'st in that Infernal Home;  
Fell Fury fire my Fancy, for I have  
More cause then Poet e're had yet to rave;  
Thou art my Muse, thy Snakes my Lawrels are,  
By me thine own, and *Rome's* Intrigues declare:  
Do it for once, then back to Hell retire,  
And pay the Jesuits their Arrears of Fire.  
A Jesuit great Satan's Envoy is  
Sent to succeed the Snake of Paradise:  
For when that fatal stroke of *Adam's* loss  
Was healed by the great *Theantropos*,  
When that deep Stratagem of the dark Throne  
Mysterious *Messiah* had undone;  
And that first Argument of hellish Power  
Was quite confuted by a Saviour,  
Then baffled *Lucifer*, no Answer had,  
Till He a Jesuit his rejoinder made;  
By whom he hopes compleatly to renew  
The Battle, and once more mankind undo;  
Plotting his old Dominion to make good  
By false implicit Faith, or fire and blood;  
That catches Fools, and these destroy the Wise,  
Thus all mankind, are equally his Prize.

" Shut your Eyes close, believe me, and you'll see  
 " (Th' *Ignatian* cries) the way t' Eternity;  
 " Deny all Reason, misbelieve your Sense,  
 " Church cannot Err, be that your Confidence:  
 " Pin on our Sleeve your Faith, and thō you'r blind  
 " Take but fast hold, and follow us behind,  
 " Our open Eyes the way for both will find.  
 " This Wine and Wafer now are common food,  
 " But a few words shall make 'em Flesh and Blood,  
 " And thō they after all the same appear,  
 " And out of Modesty th' old Livery wear,  
 " Yet is Christ's very Blood and Body here.  
 Such plain Impostures, such bold Cheats as these  
 Can surely none, but fools, or mad men please.  
 The Snake of Paradise play'd fairer far  
 With *Adam's* Wife, and more upon the Square,  
 He call'd an Apple, Apple, said 'twas good,  
 Pleasant to th' sight, and delicate for food;  
 The Jesuits Tricks would ne're have ta'n with *Eve*,  
 She saw what's what, before she did believe,  
 Besides he pleaded that 'twould make her wise,  
 But these, the grossest ignorance advise.  
 And thus we lose our selves, b' a greater Cheat  
 Then what the Serpent us'd in *Eve's* defeat;  
 Thus we our sense and reason lay aside  
 To take an old ambitious Fool for Guide,  
 Thus we turn Stocks and Idcoats, and then  
 Become good Cath'licks, ceasing to be men;  
 As if the only way to save our Souls,  
 Were, to be easie Slaves or fenceless fools.  
 To all this fond credulity we're hurl'd  
 By slavish fears about the burning world,  
 So to be sure to feel no torment there;  
 First strip our selves of all our senses here.  
 Now, my *Alecco*, let's advance and view  
 The Frauds that lurk under Religious shew,  
 For thō to Heav'n their fair pretences swell,  
 The Root lies deep and dark as is thy Cell.  
 No Heathen Law-giver, no Pagan Priest;  
 Did e're with such mysterious Wiles infect  
 The superstitious Multitude, for that  
 Is still most apt to fear they know not what.  
 No Cabalist of State could e're Traпан  
 With such firm subtlety as *Rome's* *Drauu*.  
 And first, least holy Church should chance to float  
 (Without a last appeal) in endless doubt,

You must with dumb obedience still repair,  
 Uuto *Rome's* holy Apostolick Chair,  
 That, that's infallible and cannot erre.  
 This bold Assumption keeps more in Awe  
 Then *Numa* with his feign'd *Egeria*.  
 And tho it seems at points of Faith to aime,  
 'Tis to be uncontroulably Supream; v  
 Get universal deference, and create  
 A close dependance on the Roman Seat.  
 Branding on all damnable Herefie, }  
 That dare oppose the Apostolick See, }  
 Or *Rome's* Political Divinity. }  
 Thus it usurps boundless dominion,  
 Makes Kings their subjects, slaves, and both it's own.  
*Rome's* doctrine is a secular device, v  
 Mere trick of state in reverend disguise,  
 Th' ambitious spawn of latter Centuries : v  
 And tho it proudly boast an ancient Line,  
 From *Peter*, 'tis of basest Origine;  
 'Tis the Priest's spurious Issue, gotten on  
 Ignorance, Fear and Superstition :  
 These three compleatly make the triple Crown,  
 And still support old *Rome's* imperial Throne.  
 How slyly do the Priests by help of these  
 Makemen believe, and then do what they please ?  
 How solemnly they dazle Vulgar eies  
 With fine misterious holy Vanities ?  
 Whose ceremonious pomp strikes awful dread  
 In fools, that by their eies and ears are lead.  
 But should I here endeavour to declare,  
 The num'rous Gimcracks of the Romish Fair,  
 Their Mystick Idols, consecrated Bawbles,  
 Feign'd Miracles, and monstrous holy Fables;  
 How dead Saints relicks cure the Gout or Ptsick;  
 And are, like *Egypt's* Mummy, kept for Physick;  
 How they can scare the Devil with a stench,  
 (Not that *Tobias* us'd to get the Wench :  
 In telling this I might as tedious be  
 As the returne of their next Jubilee.  
 But these are Petty trifles, tincy toys,  
 Tricks to catch Women, gaping Fools and Boys;  
 They have devices of a larger size,  
 Traps to ensnare the Wary and the Wise :  
 And if you chance to boggle at the bait,  
 They curse, and cry, damnation be your fate,  
 And then you swallow it at any rate. v  
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Oh!



Oh! what a melancholy dismal story  
 They roar in dying Ears of Purgatory;  
 That rather than th' affrighted wretch will burn  
 So long, Hee'll all his Gold to Masses turn:  
 Thus Ecclesiastick Chymists (you'd admire)  
 Make real Gold by a fictitious Fire.  
 Next extreame unction comes, from whence the Priest  
 Gets the most good, by greasing in the Fist.  
 But of all cheats that necessary are  
 Unto salvation, Auricular  
 Confession bears the bell, and seems to me  
 Next to infallible Supremacy;  
 It wears a holy Uciſe, but underneath  
 Is shame and slavery far worſe than death.  
 The Priest may tyrannize without controul,  
 That knows the guilty ſecret of the ſoul.  
 So when the gentle ſex conſeſſion makes,  
 That they have often ſin'd upon their backs,  
 How eaſily the Priest comes in for ſnacks?  
 And ſhrieves the pretty Penitent *Ala mode*,  
 No trick like a *jure divino* Fraud:  
 Thus are their chiefeſt Doctrines, plain device,  
 Pimp to their Pride, their Luſt and Avarice  
 In holy Apoſtolicall diſguiſe.  
 In ſhort, the whole miſterious Cheat doth lie  
 In ſuperſtition and Idolatry,  
 Two ſpurious Graſſes —  
 Set in the tree of life, Religion,  
 With whoſe Luxurious branches 'tis ore grown  
 To ſuch a monſtrous diſproportion,  
 That the firſt planters would it quite diſown.  
 Religion, like a modeſt rural mayd,  
 No artificiall dreſſe no *fucus* had  
 But was in native Innocency clad,  
 Till in *Romes* Court ſhe ceaſed to be ſuch,  
 Thence, ſprang her Infamy and firſt debauch;  
 There, laying plain ſimplicity aſide,  
 She grew to idle wantonnes and Pride:  
 Yet ſtill ſome modeſty confin'd her Home,  
 Nor rambled ſhe beyond the Walls of *Rome*;  
 Till Proud of her ſucceſſful charms, ſhe grew  
 Ambitious mighty Monarchs to ſubdue;  
 So by deceitful arts ſhe enlarg'd her pow'r,  
 And made them ſlaves, that ſhe had ſerv'd before.  
 At length her lawleſs Pride gave ſome miſtruſt,  
 And that increas'd by her inſatiate Luſt.

She grew imperious, asked more and more;  
 And would be Tyrant too, as well as Whore.  
 Then wisely some the Vassalage forsook,  
 Others repin'd as weary of the Yoke :  
 She, Jealous left her Universal sway  
 Should lessen, or her former fame decay,  
 'Mongst others, did the Schoolmens Pen employ  
 To Vindicate her truth and honesty,  
 ( Schoolmen, who ranſack ſciences and Arts  
 To prove with pains, that they are Fools of parts ;  
 A knack to Coyn unmeaning words they've got,  
 Falſe words that w'ont endure the teſt of thought :  
 Diſtinction's their laſt refuge and appeal,  
 The better, if unintelligible )  
 So theſe her honour juſtifi'd in words,  
 As Bully Jeſuits Plot to doe with ſwords.  
 But both in vain, for 'tis concluded on  
 Their Miſtreſs is the Whore of *Babylon*.

Shift, ſhift the Scenes, *Aleſto*, fury Fiend  
 Wake all thy Snakes, and make this Tragick end;  
 By Hellish Art raiſe up in dark Cabal,  
 The Pope, a Jeſuit and Cardinal.  
 Thy ſelf place in the middle, raving Wood,  
 With Poyſons, Piſtols, Daggers, Fire and Blood.  
 Now let this Scene ſtart into ſudden ſight  
 By gloomy Flaſhes of Sulphurous light ;  
 Then let his Holineſs's face appear  
 Full of deep Counſel, thought and weighty Care.  
 Whiſt each of you in awful ſilence hears  
 The ſacred Oracle with hungry Ears.  
 " Was it for this my boundleſs power was giv'n ?  
 " For this have I the Keys of Hell and Heaven ?  
 " In vain I boaſt of a Supremacy,  
 " And call my Chair the Univerſal See.  
 " A little Neſt of Hereticks cut off  
 " From *Eurpes* Earth, at all my Pow'r doth laugh.  
 " Who (tho they kindly could decline to be  
 " A Bar to Ballance *Gallick* Monarchy,  
 " Yet ) ſtill oppoſe my holy Tyranny.  
 " Falſe Agents, heartleſs, traiterous, have you  
 " So often ſworn by Sacramental Vow  
 " Or to Convert this Iſland or undo ?  
 " Was your Commiſſion ſcant, did I deny  
 " Plenipotentiary Villany ?

Turning to  
 Gibe Jeſuit.

Have not I null'd Divine and Humane Laws,  
 That without let you might promote the Cause?  
 "Heavens Laws, tho' fixt by an Eternal Seal,  
 "Stoop, and are liable to my repal.  
 "*Moses* once broke these Tables, often I  
 "Not to prevent, but fix Idolatry.  
 "Thus had your large Commission 'no restraint,  
 "Nor did you Apostolick Blessing want.  
 "Nay more, the blackest Crimes in you were merit,  
 "For which all other endless flames inherit:  
 "So Treasons, Murders, Perjuries became  
 "Sure Monuments of your Eternal Fame;  
 "So nature chang'd her course, yet nothing's done,  
 "T' advance the Catholick Religion.  
 "Begone Slave, fly; Delude with crafty words,  
 "If they prove vain, use poyson, Fire and Swords:  
 "Make better work on't, or I swear by th' Mas  
 "And the Divinity of Holy Cross ———

These chance unlucky words broke all the Spell,  
 They vanish'd, and *Aleſto* sunk to Hell.

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FINIS.